down blindfolded could recognise at once where I was, and spot the difference between the white trackless fields and log cabins of Canada, the reflective shadows of the Scotch lochs, the cloying sweetness of the Mediterranean shores, the day dying in the arms of the twilight on the Indian plains.

And what varieties, what strange types of fellow passengers have I met in my prereginations, from that party of Americans travelling round the world in search of a Mahatma and a religion, to those who were only looking for an establishment and a husband. "Ships that pass in the night, signal and pass on!"

Yet I have found that the Grand Trunk Road conducts ever to the feet of Mahadeva. This is written beneath that earliest of all Kashmiri temples of His which Anglo-Indians call the Takt-i-Suleiman, but we who are of the older faith "Sankara-charya's," because that great Mahatma, some say Avatar * travelled there.

It may interest some to know that the Wisdom of the East teaches that Sankara had

the soul, or personality, of Gautama Buddha,
the spirit of Shiva. That Gautama incarnated

* Incarnation.

 again